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**WOMAN GHOUL FLEES**

**Believed to Have Taken Refuge With Relatives.**

Stanford, Ky., Feb. 2.—Sheriff McCracken of Lincoln, with the assistance of the sheriff of Casey county, will lead a posse, of officers in the search for Mrs. Amanda Harrison, also known as Mrs. Gilmore, who is charged in a warrant with being one of the ghouls who attempted to rob the grave of George H. Sniffley, last Monday night. It is now believed she is with relatives, who reside in an almost accessible part of Casey county.

The young man who was with the woman when she dug into the grave is also expected to be arrested.

"My child was burned terribly about the face and chest. I applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The pain ceased and the child sank into a restful sleep."—Mrs. Nancy M. Aanson, Hamburg, N. Y.

**The Mayfield Style.**

A young lady of the city received an announcement a few days ago from her former sweetheart telling that he was married about January 25. This message was not received with very much delight and she lost no time in making out a statement and sent to him as to the amount of coal and oil that she had turned entertaining him while he paid regular visits to the city. No doubt a check for the amount will be forth coming unless his wife gets hold of the letter first.—Messenger.

Can't look well, eat well or feel well with impure blood feeding your body. Keep the blood pure with Burdock Blood Bitters. Eat simply, take exercise, keep clean and you will have long life.

**We Shall See.**

The groundhog saw his shadow all over Kentucky, at least, and if there is any truth in the superstition, winter is not yet over.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

**AMUSEMENTS**

Nothing seemingly has been left undone this season by Barton and Wiswell to make the famous "Smart Set" Company an attraction to conjure with. The organization will be seen in a brand new and up-to-date musical comedy in three acts entitled "George Washington Bullion" with Salem Tutt Whitney as the leading funmaker at Holland's Opera House the night of Thursday, Feb. 9. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Whitney's ability as a funmaker are certain to like him in his latest mirth provoker. It is said to literally teem with rollicking and side splitting situations, contain a plausible and interesting plot and has enough jingling music, wholesome humor and song hits to provide entertainment for the most fastidious theatre-goer. S. Homer Tutt and Daisy Peters Martin are Mr. Whitney's chief assistants. The company is a large one, numbering forty capable people. One half of lower floor reserved for colored people.

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**Mrs. John Drew Better.**

McLeansboro, Ill.—"About five years ago," says Mrs. John L. Drew, of this place, "I was afflicted with pains and irregularity each month. I suffered continually, was weak and despondent, and unable to do my housework. I took Cardui, and in one month, I took Cardui, and in one month, I felt like a new woman and worked hard all summer. I am now in perfect health, and recommend Cardui to all suffering women." Every day during the past 50 years, Cardui has been steadily forging ahead as a result of its proven value in female troubles. It relieves headache, backache, womanly misery and puts fresh strength into weary bodies. Try it.

**RECOGNITION OF GOOD WORK**

This Supplies the Life Motive That Stimulates Public and Private Employers, Says Dr. Eliot.

Doctor Eliot takes a broad philosophical view of the change from the spoils system to merit in public life. The familiar arguments against wholesale dismissals after elections he does not repeat; no sensible man needs such repetition. But Doctor Eliot dwelt in his Chicago lecture on the need of a constant incentive or life motive, and he showed how in private as well as in public employment appointment, promotion and recognition of good work supply the necessary "motive."

Efficiency is a modern catchword, but do we really endeavor full to live up to it? We cannot have efficiency where men are not stimulated by proper ambition, where they are discouraged by pull, favoritism, intrigue and graft.

The demand for efficiency has given us the merit system within a limited sphere, but the sphere must be extended. Commission rule and the tendency to seek expert advice in local and general government—even in tariff making—are gratifying signs of the progress of the merit principle. What we need is deeper understanding of the ramifications and implications of the merit system, with an active and energized sentiment insisting on larger and higher applications of it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**PROGRESS.**



Son—Papa, I read the other day that in a long siege the Cossacks had to eat candles.

Papa—So I believe, my son.

Son—Well, would they eat electric bulbs now?

Don't use harsh physics. The reaction weakens the bowels, leads to chronic constipation. Get Doan's Regulets. They operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

**MAKES WHEAT GROW RAPIDLY.**

Farmers everywhere will be interested in the successful experiments of English men of science, who have found a process of treating or vitalizing wheat in advance of sowing so that it grows much more rapidly. The process itself has not yet been made public, but it is asserted that when the wheat is so treated two crops a year are possible on the same field. The grain is planted in the ordinary way as regards soil and cultivation.—Youth's Companion.

**SOUNDED QUEER.**

"I'm shopping early," lisped the little girl in the big department store, "an' I want to see some of those things that folks sleep in."

"Oh, you mean pajamas," said the polite clerk.

"No, I don't want them for pa, I want them for ma, I reckon you'd call them majamas."

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

**DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE**

Committee Chairman (speaking amid chaos)—"Dear me, it's ten o'clock and Mrs. Smith hasn't sent those table cloths yet. I declare it's enough to drive any one crazy the way people promise things and then don't do them." (To her son, aged twelve, who has been pressed into service under protest.) Tommy, you'll have to go over to Mrs. Smith's and get those table cloths. We positively can't wait to get the tables any longer, for people may begin to come as early as half past eleven. They always do, you know, if you don't expect them and don't want them.

Tommy—Can't I telephone, mother, and ask her if she's got them ready?

Chairman (firmly)—No, Tommy, you can't. I want you to go and get them. Bring them back with you, you understand?

Tommy—Aw, say, mother, why can't I telephone?

Chairman—Because I say you can't. Now hurry up, because we must have those cloths right away.

Tommy (starting for the door)—Say, mother, I'm going to get Harry to go with me. Can I, mother?

Chairman (with decision)—No, you can't. It'll take too long.

Tommy—Aw, mother, why can't I? It won't take a minute to call for him. Please, mother, can't I?

Chairman—No, Tommy. If you say another word I'll have your father whip you when he comes home.

(Tommy disappears muttering.)

Chairman—Now, I wonder where Miss Parks is with those spoons she promised. She almost went down on her knees to promise that she would be here at nine o'clock, and it's half past ten now. I declare, I never will have anything to do with a church luncheon again. Nobody seems to think it makes any difference whether she does what she says she will or not. I'm sure I'm just about distracted with it all. I wonder where Miss Parks can be with those spoons!

Miss Parks (entering hastily)—Oh, Mrs. Burton, I'm so sorry I don't know what to do, but I couldn't get but a dozen of those spoons. I've been bullying everybody I know to try to make them lend me spoons. I'll start out on another trip right away, and I'll surely bring you two dozen this time. Mr. Henlow has some friends who he thinks will lend us some and he's going to take me to see them, so I mustn't wait a minute.

Chairman—That's the last she'll ever think about spoons—I can count on that, at least. That's the worst of having a young bachelor for a rector. I'm sure I'll be glad when Mr. Henlow gets married and the girls begin to think about something else.

(The door opens and a handsomely dressed woman, followed by a maid carrying a parcel, enters.)

Handsomely Dressed Woman—How do you do, Mrs. Burton? Put the things down, Christine, and then hurry home. I've brought the cake I promised you, Mrs. Burton, but the other things weren't ready, so you'll have to send for them later.

Chairman (distractedly)—But I haven't a soul to send, Mrs. Porter, and I don't know how on earth I'll ever get things ready. Half the things haven't come yet. It's always the way! I'll never have anything to do with a church luncheon again. I always have all the work to do, and then if things go wrong everybody blames me.

Mrs. Porter (soothingly)—Well, of course, when people aren't able to do much financially I always take it for granted that they are glad of the opportunity to do all they can in other ways. I'm really awfully sorry I can't let Christine stay with you and help as I promised, but I have a guest who is coming unexpectedly for luncheon and my other maid is ill and unable to do anything. Christine can come after luncheon and help clear the things away.

Chairman (acidly)—No, I don't. I think trying to get people to do what they say they'll do is the hardest part. If I ever am foolish enough to undertake anything like this again—

Mrs. Porter (unperturbed)—Yes, I dare say it is trying, but things always straighten themselves out. The principal thing is not to allow one's self to become excited. Now I must go, but I'll certainly try to send Christine around this afternoon. As for the other things I promised, I'm sure you can find somebody to send for them. You're so resourceful. (Goes out.)

Chairman (wildly)—Oh, I could choke that woman!

(During the next half hour there is a succession of telephone excuses for things not forthcoming and a kaleidoscopic procession of people bringing provisions or explanations for not bringing provisions. At the end of the time the chairman is almost in hysterics. When Tommy enters with a small package she greets him with a shriek.)

Chairman—Tommy, if you didn't bring those table cloths I'm going to die right here and now! Tommy, did you bring those tablecloths?

Tommy—I brought one table cloth.

Mrs. Smith says—

(The chairman sinks into a chair and weeps violently for a few minutes. Then she rises like a phoenix from the ashes of her despair, conjures out of infinite space table cloths, spoons, pies, pickles and other necessities of church luncheons, and in some miraculous way achieves the impossible by having everything ready at the appointed hour.)

**ARTHUR'S PERIL**

When the new teacher of room 20 was called away from her pupils for a few minutes the other day one little boy took the opportunity to "show off."

There was much excitement among the self-appointed monitors when the teacher returned. Fifty little hands shot up, waving and darting. Fifty little bodies wriggled in sympathy. All were eagerly demanding permission to tell what had happened during the teacher's absence. Contrary to their expectations, she seemed indifferent to disorder.

"Suddenly one little boy in a back seat, remembering that the teacher had forbidden tattling and fearing that no explanation would be allowed, jumped to his feet and, still waving his hand, excitedly exclaimed: 'Miss Boots, Arter, he wuz makin' flates when you wuz out o' de room.'"

"Huh! He does like dis here," said another boy, shaking his fist threateningly.

"That means he'll show you," interpreted a fair-haired little girl in the front seat.

"An den—"

Six excited and scandalized children began to relate in chorus the details of Arthur's misdemeanor.

"That will do," said Miss Booth, calmly arranging some flowers in her belt. "If you children had been doing your work you couldn't have seen Arthur. I shall count the whole room disorderly."

The children sank back abashed and disappointed. They looked at the offending Arthur, who sat stiffly erect at his desk, tightly clutching a reader from which his glance never wavered.

The teacher continued to prepare a writing lesson as if nothing had happened. Yet her eyes twinkled just a little bit, and the ghost of a smile twitched the corners of her mouth. Had they remembered similar occasions they might have recognized in the twinkle and the smile a danger signal for the offender.

In the meantime Arthur's fear gave way to astonishment. He had expected to stay after school, at least.

With a cautious glance to assure himself that Miss Booth was not looking, he jumped up beside his desk, which for the teacher's convenience was at the front of the room. Facing the other children, he rapidly darted his tongue forth and back several times, and finally megaphoned through arched palms a low, clear "Stung!"

The murmur of scandalized propriety which this new defiance aroused stirred him to fresh daring. Before risking a repetition, however, he turned warily about, only to look straight into Miss Booth's keen gray eyes. Slowly and meekly he slid into his desk and hung his head.

"Come here, Arthur," she said, quietly. "Stand here by me and do that again for the whole room."

Arthur came slowly and reluctantly forward and backed against the wall.

"Out here in front, where every one can see you," said the teacher, indicating a space by her desk. "You may make faces now."

Arthur hung his head.

"I'm waiting, Arthur," she said.

He twitched his sharp little nose feebly.

"Oh, no; that won't do. Make the same kind of face you made at Walter."

He twitched his nose more vigorously, and drew down the corners of his mouth.

"Are you sure that's right?" persisted Miss Booth, with a funny little catch in her voice.

This time Arthur squinted his eyes, puckered up his nose, drew down the corners of his mouth and darted out his tongue.

"Now, you may continue that for the next five minutes," said Miss Booth.

Then, turning to the other children, she asked: "How many boys in this room have strong muscles?"

Thirty right arms swung in the air.

"Have you ever noticed," she continued to the class, "what kind faces some people have and what horrid faces others have?"

"Yes, I saw a man the other day, and he had only one eye," interrupted an excited voice from the rear.

"But, I wonder," continued Miss Booth, "why some people have frowning wrinkles between their eyes, even when they are smiling."

"I know," said Walter. "Dat's cuz dey frowned so much dere faces stays dat way."

"Yes, that's right. They have been using their bad face muscles so long that they have grown strong enough to pull their faces out of shape. Go on, Arthur; I didn't tell you to stop. Some old people, you know, have such sweet, kind faces. They have been using their good muscles all their lives, so their faces are always pleasant and kind."

"Yes, I know. I saw an old lady once—"

"Never mind, now, Willie. Go on, Arthur. You have three minutes yet. Little children can't frown at all," continued Miss Booth. "Don't you remember—"

A loud, convulsive sob from the front of the room suddenly startled every one.

"Why, what's the matter, Arthur?" asked Miss Booth, with suspicious sympathy.

"I d-d-d-on't w-w-want to spoil my face!" he blubbered, rubbing a grimy fist in each eye.

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